



### The Exigencies of the Farm Require Sharp-mindedness

(Written Specially for the Bulletin.)

I don't care whether the farmer is German or Irish or French or Hebrew or plain American by descent, he needs to be a good deal of a "Yankee" in spirit.

When we say Yankee, nowadays, we don't just mean a Beantowner, nor a wooden nutmegger; we don't exactly intend to say that he is a New Englander, nor even a Northerner; we mean that he is a fellow of devices. We mean that he is fairly sharp at a bargain. We mean that he has a long head. We mean that he has a keen eye for the main chance. We mean that he is as full of little tricks as an egg is of meat. We mean that he is a cool and calculating sort of a chap.

nor of ancestry have much to do with the possession of this sort of character. A man's forbears may have lived for centuries on the banks of the Shannon, or beneath the shadows of the Black Forest, or behind the dikes of Dutchland, and he may still have his full share of this character of which I am talking.

When I say "Yankee" I don't mean Yankee by geography, but Yankee in spirit.

It's a dull day on the farm when nothing new turns up in the way of bothers. Undoubtedly other occupations have their trials and their troubles. This is a mad world, my masters. It's only the butterflies that

other vocations they are welcome to them. We have seeds have all that we really want of our own.

I've heard a certain sort of folks whisper about the "loneliness" of farm life. Also, I've seen certain dogs that always seemed to be discontented when they weren't in a fight. Apparently there are kinds of men, as well as of dogs, who really want to be in the middle of some action all the time. It may be admitted, at once, that there is less chance for a daily plot with a lot of other men on the farm than in a city square, or saloon. But I don't believe there is another calling followed by men for the earning of an honorable livelihood which presents them so many and so varied an assortment of obstacles to overcome as farming. "If it isn't one thing, it's another." As soon as you've brought your horse out of the colic, your hens promptly come down with roup. No sooner have you poisoned off the potato-bugs, than the striped beetles chew up your cucumbers. By the time you've scooped a leak in the roof, the drain clogs and your cellar fills with water. If nothing else seems left for fate to think of, your woodpile tumbles over and breaks the cat's leg.

Oh, yes; there's most generally something doing on the farm, either at the center or round the edges.

The interesting part of it all is that the things which are most apt to be done are the sort of things you'd rather not have done.

But they come along, just the same. It's when they're coming, this way, that you want a good sized hunk of "Yankeeism" with you to take care of 'em. You must all the time be prepared for emergencies, or the emergencies will get the better of you. It is manifestly impossible to expect the unexpected. Yet that's the sort of event which is constantly happening on to the farmer. You can't be formally and definitely prepared for occurrences which are likely to come.

It's to meet them that you need almost infinite resourcefulness. You must be able to take a blow in the dark from an unexpected quarter and get your own knock-down answer before fate can draw its fist back to guard. Otherwise, you're "gone up." For that round anyway.

It isn't merely that we farmers need "a heart" for our work. Most of us have that sort of asset. But we need a quickness of mind and a readiness of resource which will enable us to counter, or at least dodge every fate. Nobody knows, not one of us can foresee from what direction the next pinch is coming to us. We can't protect ourselves, beforehand, from attacks the source of which is utterly hidden till the last minute. We must be ready for anything, and ready all the time.

Once a farmer was drawing wood. He was told by a scared neighbor that his best cow had got mixed and they couldn't get her out. Whipping his horses to a run, he sped down the road, by the house, into the lane, across the pasture and to the edge of the swamp. Snatching off a couple of log chains, he looped them around her lengthwise, under the hump, along the sides, and across the breast. Gathering the slack of the two into a tight over her back he hooked a shorter chain into it, backed his sled over her, hitched this short chain to the hind beam, stuck a couple of old fence-rails slantwise into the slime for a sort of skidway, and snaked her out. The whole operation took less than two minutes. But it saved a valuable, money-earning cow that would have perished save for this ready adaption of the means at hand to the end desired.

I've read of a farmer who wanted some wood cut but hadn't the money to pay for cutting, nor the strength to cut it himself. He heard of a neighbor who had a horse to sell, and of another on the other side of him who wanted the horse but lacked money to pay for it. So Mr. Farmer but the first neighbor's horse, giving him a note, and then hires the second neighbor to cut his wood, the latter to have the horse when he had earned it, chopping. Before Mr. Farmer's note became due the wood was cut and sold for enough to take up the note and leave something over for "velvet."

Three men thus got what they wanted, because one of the three had wit enough to hitch their desires up, abreast, and drive them the right road.

If you were lying life in the bottom of a ditch through gravel, and the sides were beginning to slide, so that you had to work like Sam Hill to get the tiles down before the imminent cave-in, and right there you came to a place where the digger had accidentally dug out an inch or so, and the water backed up in the tiles, what would you do? "Yankee" Terry of Ohio found himself in exactly that spot, one day. He was laying three-inch round tiles. He had no time to fill in the bottom to a level. Something must be done and done quick. A pile of four-inch tiles for another purpose lay almost within reach. Calling for a half-a-dozen of these latter, he dropped them into line with the others at the bottom and had just time to scramble out when the treacherous sides slumped in. That inch, brought things up to a level for the undesired inch of depth in the extra inch on the tiles just made up and saved a lot of hard, dirt work in cleaning out the caved-in ditch.

You see the man's mind worked quick, like a steel trap when the pan drops.

I don't doubt we can all remember exigencies when we were caught napping, and had to suffer inconveniences or loss because we couldn't, at the moment, see our way to prevent it. Later, our slow brains move often suggested ways in which we might, perhaps, have got out of the scrape if, as the phrase runs, "we had had only had our wits about us." But then it was too late. The damage was done.

How often, when some one has "got the joke on us," and we have had to take it sheepishly, how often we think, next day, of some really bright way in which we might have turned the tables and put the snicker on the other fellow, if we had only thought of it in time!

Most of us are like that famous three-handed fellow of John B. Lough's who had a right hand and a left hand.

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### Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Saves Butter, Flour, Eggs, and makes home baking easy

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"and a little behind-hand." Just for which reason, most of us are bunched along the back stretch, among the crowd of "average farmers." Instead of being at the front and coming under the wing of success.

If a man really has a sort of two miles an hour mind, I don't suppose he can ever train it into a mile-in-two minutes gait. But it's his misfortune, after all, if he's built that way and has to be a farmer, too. They used to think ox-teams did well enough for farmwork. Now we want the fastest walking horses and some of us are thinking of plowing with automobiles, or dynamite. There isn't anything too fast for us, and we need to oil up our mental wheels and eat a good deal more ginger to keep ourselves up to the rate of our environment.

The man whose mind takes an hour to get started and about a week to arrive, had better go into some other business than farming these days. He had do better at something in which he doesn't have to think so quick, nor work so fast.

THE FARMER.

Washington County, R. I.

### RICHMOND

Clark's Mills W. C. T. U. Elects Delegates—Notes and Personals.

Mrs. Roger Larkin, who has been the guest of her brother, Bradford R. Moore, for a few days, has returned to her home in Wakefield.

Mrs. E. K. James is the guest of friends in Providence.

The Alice Ayres returned to her school Monday after a few days' illness.

Johnson Hoyle and Edwin Hoyle attended the B. R. V. list club at Ralph Condit's Wednesday evening.

Several from here attended the birthday party at Mr. Manchester's at West Kingston Saturday evening.

The Clarke Mills union at their last meeting appointed delegates to attend the semi-annual meeting which will be held on Friday, April 5th, in the assembly hall, Providence.

The Ladies' Mission Society of the Women's Christian association, Providence, Miss Elizabeth Upham Yates will be one of the speakers.

High School Farce.

The senior class of the South Kingston High school gave The Time of His Life, a three-act comedy, on Thursday evening.

Mrs. E. A. Larkin of Matamoras, formerly of Richmond, is recovering from an operation performed recently at the sanitarium on Parade street, Providence. Her condition at last report was very encouraging.

USQUEPAUGH.

Surprise Party at Miss Bertha Manchester's—Briefs and Personals.

Mrs. Eliza Webster of Providence spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Franklin.

Mrs. Nellie Z. Koryson, spending this week with friends at Bristol.

Mrs. Mary McConner spent St. Patrick's day with her relatives in Providence.

Mrs. Flora Kenyon and two children are visiting this week at Pawtucket, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Amos H. Kenyon.

D. B. Kulig and Archie Kenyon visited Wakefield Tuesday night.

The storm of last week badly damaged the roads around here.

Erroll Wilcox visited relatives here Sunday.

Several from here attended the surprise party at Bertha Manchester's last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Charles E. Wells of East Greenwich has been spending part of this week with Mrs. E. E. Kenyon.

Mrs. Medora Anthony is visiting Mrs. Arvilla Pooleham of this village.

### HOPKINTON

Mrs. Clarissa Lewis was brought from Providence to the home of her son, Deacon Roger W. Lewis Sunday in the car of Harry C. Spencer of Hope Valley. She stood the journey remarkably well and is apparently recovering partially from a recent shock.

Charles H. Langworthy has com-

menced moving his personal belongings from Ten Rods Valley to his newly purchased residence in Hopkinton City.

Miss Rutha W. Lewis has returned from Providence.

George F. Charnley and John Dye of Rockville were in town on business Tuesday.

Thomas F. Champin and daughter Hattie attended the auction of Wayland Saunders near Bradford Tuesday.

ROCKVILLE

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Hon. A. S. Babcock returned Tuesday on a two weeks' trip to Bermuda, in company with his brother, H. C. Babcock of Ashaway.

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